

7  
Newes from the Dead.

OR

A TRUE AND EXACT

Narration of the miraculous  
deliverance of

ANNE GREENE,

Who being Executed at OXFORD Dec-  
cemb. 14. 1650. afterwards revived; and  
by the care of certain hyficians there,  
*is now perfectly recovered.*

Together with the manner of her Suffering, and the  
*particular meanes used for her Recovery.*

Written by a Scholler in OXFORD for the  
Satisfaction of a friend, who desired to be  
informed concerning the truth  
of the businesse.

Whereunto are added certain Poems, casually  
*written upon that Subject.*

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The Second Impression with Additions.

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OXFORD,

Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD, for  
THO. ROBINSON. D. 1651.

*M<sup>o</sup> Nalpin. CCC:xx.*





## Newes from the Dead.

**H**ere happened lately in this Citty a very rare and remarkable accident, which being variously and falsely reported amongst the vulgar (as in such cases it is usuall) to the end that none may be deceived, and that so signall an act of Gods mercy and providence may never be forgotten, I have here faithfully recorded it, according to the Information I have received from those that were the chiefe Instruments in bringing this great worke to perfection.

In the house of Sir *Thomas Read* at *Duns-Tew* in *Oxford-shire*, there lived a maid named *Anne Greene*, born at *Steeple-Barton*, in the same County, being about 23 years of age, of a middle stature, strong, fleshy, and of an indifferent good feature; who being (as she said) often solicited by faire promises and other amorous enticements of Mr *Jeffery Read* Grand-child to the said Sir *Thomas*, a youth of about 16 or 17 years of age, but of a forward growth and stature, at last consented to satisfy his unlawfull pleasure. By which act (as it afterward appeared) she conceived, and was delivered of a Man-child: which being never made knowne, and the Infant found dead in the house of office, caused a suspicion, that she being the mother had murdered it, and throwne it there on purpose to conceale both it and her shame together. Thereupon she was immediately taken into examination, and carried before severall Justices of the peace in the Countrey: and soone after, in an extreame cold and rainy day, sent unto *Oxford Gaole*, where having passed about three weekes more in continuall affrights and terrours, in a place as comfortlesse as her condition, she was at a Sessions held in *Oxford*, arraigned, condemned, and on Saturday the 14 of *December* last, brought forth to the place of Execution: where, after singing of a Psalm, & something

something said in justification of her self, as to the fact for which she was to suffer, and touching the lewdness of the Family wherein she lately lived, she was turn'd off the Ladder, hanging by the neck for the space of almost halfe an houre, some of her friends in the mean time thumping her on the breast, others hanging with all their weight upon her legges; sometimes lifting her up, and then pulling her downe againe with a suddaine jerke, thereby the sooner to dispatch her out of her paine: insomuch that the Under-Sheriffe fearing lest thereby they should breake the rope, forbad them to doe so any longer. At length, when every one thought she was dead, the body being taken downe, and put into a Coffin, was carried thence into a private house, where some Physicians had appointed to make a Dissection. The Coffin being opened, she was observed to breath, and in breathing (the passage of her throat being streightned) obscurely to rattle: which being perceived by a lusty fellow that stood by, he (thinking to doe an act of charity in ridding her out of the small reliques of a painfull life) stamp'd severall times on her breast & stomach with all the force he could. Immediately after, there came in Dr Perry of *Bresen-nose-Colledge* our Anatomy-Professor, and Mr Thomas Willis of *Christ-Church*, at whose coming, which was about 9 a clock in the morning, she yet persisted to rattle as before, laying all this while stretched out in the coffin in a cold room and season of the yeare. They perceiving some life in her, as well for humanity as their Profession sake, fell presently to act in order to her recovery. First, having caused her to be held up in the Coffin, they wrenched open her teeth, which were fast set, and powred into her mouth some hot and cordiall spirits; whereupon she rattled more then before, and seemed obscurely to cough: then they opened her hands (her fingers also being stiffly bent) and ordered some to rub and chafe the extreme parts of her body, which they continued for about a quarter of an houre; oft, in the mean time, powring in a spoonfull or two of the cordiall water; and besides tickling her throat with a feather, at which she opened her eyes, but shut them againe presently. As soon as they perceived any heat in her extreame parts, they thought of letting her blood: & no sooner



sooner was her arme bound for that purpose, but she suddenly bent it, as if it had been contracted by a fit of the Convulsion: the veine being opened, shee bled about five ounces, and that so freely that it could not easily be stopped. All this while her pulse was very low, but otherwise not much amisse. Her arm being bound up again, and now and then a little cordial water powr'd down her throat, they continued rubbing her in several places, caused Ligatures to be made in her armes and leggs, and then ordered her to be laid in a bed well warmed: then they caused her neck, and also her temples to be anointed with confortative oyles and spirits, and so likewise the bottoms of her feet, and upon this shee beganne to open her eies and to move the lower parts of her body. About this time came in Mr *Bathurst* of *Trinity* Colledge, and Mr *Clerke* of *Magdalen* Colledge, whose advice and endeavours were then and all the time afterwards concurrent with those of the other two above meutioned. Then they applyed a plaister to her breasts, and ordered an heating odoriferous Clyster to be cast up in her body, to give heat and warmth to her bowels: after that, they perswaded a woman to goe into bed to her, and to lye very close to her, and gently to keep rubbing of her. After all which shee seemd about noon to be in a sweat. Her face also began somewhat to swell and to look very red on that side on which the knot of the halter had been fastned,

Whilst the Physicians were thus busie in recovering her to life, the Undersheriffe was solliciting the Governour and the rest of the Justices of Peace for the obtaining her Reprieve, that in case she should for that present be recovered fully to life, shee might not be had backe again to Execution. Whereupon those worthy Gentlemen, considering what had happened, weighing all circumstances, they readily apprehended the hand of God in her preservation, and being willing rather to co-operate with divine providence in saving her, then to overstrain justice by condemning her to double shame and sufferings, they were pleas'd to grant her a Reprieve untill such time as her Pardon might be compleatly obtained.

All this while she had no sooner opened her eyes, but presently she shut them again, and being call'd upon to try whether she could hear or speak, there appeared no sign that she could do either. Soon after, they made tryal again: bidding her, if she understood them, to move her hand, or open her eies. Whereupon she obscurely opened her

eyes. The Physicians fearing least her face might swell more & more, and a Feaver come upon her, by reason of the former suffocation, took from her right arme about nine ounces more of blood, and then ordered her a Julep, and other cordiall things to be administred upon occasion, and so left her for that night: and about two houres after she begun to speake many words intelligible.

On Sunday the 15 about 8 in the morning they return'd, and found her much amended, being able to answer to any question propounded unto her. Shee then complained of her throat, (but not much of any other part) whereunto they ordered a Cataplasme to be applyed: then she complaining of drought, a Julep was offered her, which she first took with difficulty, and at last refus'd: warm beere being given her, she disrelished it, but of cold she drank and thanked them.

All this while she lay often sighing and talking to her selfe, as if she had been still to suffer. About noone she felt an extreame sorenesse in her breast and sides, but there appeared nothing discoloured or like a Contusion. That night they ordered her a Clyster, & a Cataplasme to be applied to her breast and sides, with other means to prevent what evill might ensue by reason of contus'd blood, and so left her to rest. About 9 of the clock she laughed and talked merrily, look'ng fresh and of a good colour: being a little feverish, her tongue not furd nor clammy.

Munday the 16, they found that she had taken some rest, and her feaver not much encreas'd: they then tooke from her left arme about six ounces of blood more: she fainted not, but talked very cheerfully, complaining somewhat of her neck, stomach, and throat.

But before they let her blood, having first caused all to depart the roome except those Gentlemen that were of the Faculty, they asked her of her sense and apprehension during the time of her suffering: she answered, that after she put off some of her clothes, bequeathing them to her Mother (which was early in the morning before her execution) and heard some one say that one of the prisoners was let out of the chaine to put her to death, she remembered nothing at all that had been done unto her: and that she knew not when her fetters were knock'd off, or how she came out of prison, or that she had bin upon the Gallows, neither could she remembre that any Psalmes had bin sung, or that she said any thing there: notwithstanding those that

that were present do testify that she spake very sensibly : onely about a fortnight after, she seemed to remember something of a fellow wrapt up in a blâket, which indeed was the habit of her Executioner.

It is observable also, that when she came to her selfe againe, she fell into the like speeches as she had used in prison before the execution : seeming there to go on where she had so long time left off; like to a Clock whose weights had been taken off a while, and afterwards hung on againe.

That night she was fomented about the sides and other contused places, her neck being very sore, especially on the right side, where it was all black, and began to blister : there appeared also diverse spots of settled blood on her right cheek.

Tuesday the 17 in the morning they found her pulse slow, but very unequall : her tongue not very dry nor rough : the night before she slept well; in the morning she arose, but her head was so light that she could hardly stand upright : she now complained of paine beneath the pit of her stomack : she complained also of a deadnesse in the tipp of her tongue, thinking she had bitten it in the time of her suffering : she call'd this day for some bread, which she did eate, being first toasted and moistned in beere. At night when they visited her againe, the paine of her neck and throat was decreased : the spots of settled blood about her cheek and neck lessened, but the deadnesse of her tongue still remained. That night she slept 6 or 7 houres : and on the 18 in the morning had no feaver; her pulse was much amended; all Syniptomes lessened; the paines in her breast seemed to descend into the region of the belly, being (as 'twas conceived) not in the bowells, but on'y in the musculous outward parts.

The 19 she was up, and did eat part of a chick. All Symptomes decreased : yet could she not goe, without the help of somewhat to uphold her. Her neck still sore, but mending. The deadnesse of her Tongue lessened. That night she slept well. About foure or five daies after, being hard frosty weather, there appeared a blacknesse over the lower part of her right arme, and upon her flankes on the same side : which by degrees waxed yellow, and in foure or five daies vanished.

By this time, the care of the Physicians was well over. The paines in her brest and side when she drew in her breath, as also the inequality of her pulse (which caused a suspision of a contusion and extravasated blood spilt on the Lungs) being now fully ceased. The deadnesse of her tongue and sorenesse of her neck quite gone. There remained

remained onely a giddinesse in her head when she walked or stirred her body, which in a short time likewise left her. And now being able to walk about the town, eat, drink, and sleep as well as before this accident had befallen her, she had liberty to repair (and is since gone) unto her friends in the Country; taking away with her the Coffin wherein she lay, as a Trophy of this her wonderful preservation.

Thus, within the space of a Moneth, was she wholly recovered: and in the same Room where her Body was to have been dissected for the satisfaction of a few, she became a greater wonder, being reviv'd, to the satisfaction of multitudes that flocked thither daily to see her.

One thing more I had almost forgotten; that when the numbers of people still pressing into the house began to be too impetuous, and the Physicians had obtained of the Governour to have a Guard plac'd at the door; yet because those of the better sort could not altogether be denied admission, they thought it a seasonable opportunity, for the maid's behalfe, to invite them either to exercise their Charity, or at least to pay for their Curiosity. And therefore (themselves first leading the way) they commended it to those that came in, to give every one what they pleas'd, her Father being there ready to receive it. After a few daies the Governor (a Gentleman as much to be belov'd for his Courtesie, as hee is honour'd for his Prudence) coming himselfe to see her, did not onely contribute to her in a liberal manner, but also improved his charity with many pertinent and wholesome instructions. By this meanes there was gathered for her to the summe of many pounds: whereby not onely the Apothecaries Bill, and other necessaries for her Dyet and lodging were discharged, but some overplus remained towards the suing out of her Pardon.

And now, having done with the Sufferings, and the Cure, it will not be amisse to look back, and take a Review of the Cause of them, as matter of fact for which she suffered: which (as I have said) was the supposed murder of her own Infant.

There are two things, very considerable, alledged on her behalfe, and that may seem to cleer her Innocence as to that businesse.

The first is, that the Childe was abortive or stillborn, and consequently not capable of being murdered. The other, that she did not certainly know that she was with childe, and that it fell from her unawares as she was in the house of office.

As for the first, it is evident that the child was very unperfect, being not above a span in length, and the sexe hardly to be distinguished: so that rather seemed a lump of flesh, then a well and duly formed

med Infant. The Midwife said also, that it had no hair, and that she did not believe that ever it had life. Besides, her fellow-servants do testify, that shee had certain Issues for about a month before shee miscarried, which were of that nature (Physicians say) as are not consistent with the vitality of a child: the eruption of which Issues came on her after shee had violently labour'd in screening of malt. Lastly, it is not likely that the Child was vital, the mischance happening not above 17. weekes after the time of her conception.

For the 2. that shee might not know certainly that she was with child, it is not improbable: for shee was not 10. weekes without the usual Courses of women; before she had those continual Issues which lasted for a Moneth together: which long and great Evacuation might make her judge, that it was nothing else but a flux of those humors which for ten weekes before had been suppressed; and that the childe which then fell from her unawares, was nothing but a lump of the same matter coagulated. As for the pain, it must needs be different in such cases from that which accompanies the timely fruit of the womb: and by reason of those Issues coming from her, for so long continued a time before shee could not have those throwes and passions at the time of her abortion, as women in travel are subject unto.

Add to all this, that at her Tryall she ingeniously confessed as much as was alledged by the witnesses: and continued in the same assertions, not only before, but at her Execution, the last supposed minute of her life; and the very first words, after she came to her self again (which certainly were not spoken with design, or purpose to deceive) confirmed the same.

There is yet one thing more which hath been taken notice of by some, as to the Maid's defence; That her Grand Prosecutor Sir *Thomas Read* died within three daies after her Execution; even almost as soon as the probability of her reviving could be well confirmed to him. But because hee was an old man, and such Events are not too rashly to be commented on, I shall not make use of that observation.

It may perhaps be expected by some (and 'tis pity I can give them no better satisfaction) that I should here relate some story (like those of *Orpheus* or *Aeneas* in the Poets) of what fine visions this maid saw in the other world; what celestiall musick, or bellish howling she heard; what spirits she conversed with; and what Revelations she brought back with her, concerning the Present Times, or the Events of things to come. But for such matters the Ballad-makers must rest contented: since shee (as you have heard) was so far from

knowing any thing whilst shee was dead; that shee remembered not what had happened to her even when shee was yet alive. Her spirits, at that time, being either so fixed or benumbed with fear, as not to admit of any new Impressions; or otherwise so turbulent and unquiet, as presently to discompose and obliterate them. As we often see it fares with men that are buzz'd in the head with drink, or transported with madnesse, who, though they seem sensible enough of every present object that moves them, yet after they recover can own but little of what they did or said before.

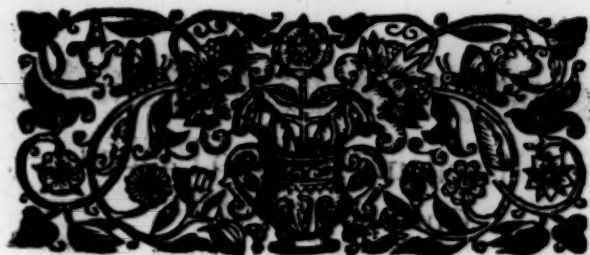
Having here done with the Story, I cannot but reflect upon the generous attempt of those Gentlemen that freely undertook, and have so happily performed the Cure. That whilst they missed the opportunity of improving their knowledge in the dissection of a Dead body, they advanced their fame by restoring to the world a Living one: who now (deservedly) accounts it her happinesse to have fallen into such courteous and skiltull hands: not only for their successfull endeavours used in her Recovery, but for being a means to vindicate her from that foul stain of Murder, which, in most mens judgments (and, perhaps, Heaven it selfe also bearing witnesse) was so harshly charged upon her.



On







*On Shee which was hang'd and  
afterwards Recover'd.*



*O* *Rphen*, to fetch his Wife, did goe  
A voyage to the Shades below  
( 'Twas more then many a man would doe: )

The blood-lesse Ghosts did weepe (they say)  
And *Pluto* groan'd, as He did play;  
Yet She came back but Halfe the way.

Now we have seen a stranger sight;  
Whether it was by *Phylick's* might,  
Or that (it seems) the Wench was *Light*.

But sure 'twill spoyle her Marriage-day,  
For who so hardy to assay  
Such an immortall *Virbia*?

Wives may deceive, and doe their best  
To counterfeit in all the rest;  
Only let them not Dye in jest.

*Hen. Perin* Gen. Com. of Trin. Coll.





In Puellam à Diutino Patibuli  
Cruciatu Redivivam.

**D** Istrahis Ecstaticam Nemesis cur dupla Puellam?  
 Quam denegas Superesse, non pateris Mori?  
 Lex vocat ad Laqueum; revocatq; in Fila Salutis  
 Medela; sitq; cruce nova Remedium Crucis:  
 Mors sua Martyrium primum, Elysioq; relicto  
 Per tot dolores Vita Martyrium recens.  
 Sustinet Illa tamen Miracula seva, Gemelle  
 Boëdardq; Siremps Socia Proserpine;  
 Ac Fati Tropico insistens, utrinq; tuelur  
 Amphibia Jana Lucis, & Noctis plagam.  
 Sic Phœbe Zonam cum circuit Æquidiale,  
 Unumq; spectat Orbe diviso Polum:  
 Sic Atmosphæra penetrans Confinia, Civis  
 Haud Aquila cessat Æthere, haud Cæli incipit:  
 Pyrrhe emerfit humo sic dimidiata propago.  
 Quam Semivivam, Semimortuam voces.  
 Offas ergo Cani, Junoni Orsinea debet,  
 Celebranda Threnis, & simul Genethliis;  
 Mysta parentaret Cantu dum Κλαυσηλοῖς,  
 Qui Flevis, & Corrisit Alternis Genis:  
 Comica nam Tragico commisceat Gaudia Luctus,  
 Ut Arcus hilaris nube Lacrymosâ nitet:  
 Aut Protœa velut mutata Luce Tabella,  
 Hinc Heraclitus, inde Democritus patet.  
 Mox proprio exoritur busto non Altera Phœnix,  
 Lutina sistimet, Ipsa Posteritas Sui.



*Englisched Thus.*

**W**HY *A T E*, dost thou Double thus thy Smart?  
 Not suffering Her to Live, nor to Depart?  
 Physicians straining to Repaire what Losse  
 The Iudge inflicted, Multiply the Crosse:  
 Death wrote Her Martyr, but from Rest to Come  
 Back through such Paines, is Second Martyrdome.  
 Yet shee these cruell Miracles sustaines,  
*Rivall* Inrolled in *Proserpines* both Traines;  
 And seated on *Fates Tropick*, doth survey  
 With either Eye the Courts of Night, and Day.  
 So *Phœbe's Orbe* in th'*Equinox* appears,  
 With Oblique Lookes viewing two Hemispheres:  
 Thus *Eagles*, when They to the Confines Fly  
 Of th'*Atmosphære*, dwell not in *Ayre*, nor *Sky*:  
 Such, *Pynha's Unripe Issue*, is displayd,  
 When it was yet halfe-Carcasse, and halfe-Mayd.

Pluto with Juno here might Presents claime,  
 While Dirge, and Caroll Confort forth her Name;  
 That Pantomime should Act these Obsequies,  
 Whose Face *Parti-per-pelle* both Laughs, and Cries:  
 For Shee Triumphs in Tragicomick shrowds;  
 As Rainebowes glister, yet in Weeping Clowds:  
 Or as a Protean Picture's different Site  
 Here shewes *Democritus*, there *Heraclite*.

Straight from her Urne this Unchang'd *Phœnix* rose,  
 Offspring Herselfe, and Midwife to her Throwes:

And

And Antedates by this Myſterious Birth  
 Her Reſurrection : Borne-again from Earth.  
 Hippolytus Revived in every Part,  
 But 'twas by Magick, or Poëtick Art :  
 Sibylla Saw, then Left the Ghoſts below;  
 But Shee did In, not From the Body Goe :  
 The *Shades* ſent back Eurydice to Day,  
 But Fainting Shee Return'd ſcarce halfe the Way.  
 This Wonder ſurmounts All: See, here is bred  
 Poſthumous Life ev'n when the Mothers dead.  
 Part Dyed before, part Survived after Breath;  
 The Embryo's Birth's Abortive, and Her death.  
 Orpheus, and *Æſculape* were here Outvyed,  
 'Cause both their Arts Concenter'd in one *Guide*.

Suiters Courage, All's purg'd by Sacrifice :  
 The Parent ſlaine, doth not a Virgin Riſe?  
 Forgetfull Shee did *Gallow Lotos* Trye,  
 And *Lethe* taſt : Let All crye *Amneſty*.  
 For who can think her Guilty, whom the Tombe  
 Does thus declare unworthy of her Doome?  
 Whom Law, whom Phyſick could not kill, whoſe Date  
 Souldiers Repriev'd, Three *Committees* of Fate?  
 If yee doubt ſtill, her *Dying Words* Receive :  
 How e're, *Diſtruſt* her *Riſen* muſt Believe.

Ac Individuâ præterit Anastase Fatum,  
 Terra Genitricis Regenerata è Sinu.  
 Floruit Hippolytus renovatus Membra, jed Idem  
 Magicâ revixit, aut Poeticâ Manu :  
 Deseruit Superos, iterumq; Sibyllæ revisit;  
 At Corporis Iter fuerat, baud à Corpore :  
 Eurydicenq; Orbi Manès voluere Remissam,  
 Mediâ tamen languibat impatiens viâ.  
 Natales hi cuncta premunt Mystéria, Proles  
 Nam Posthuma ista Matræ est etiam Sux.  
 Ante Ortum moritur Pars, Pars post Funera vivit ;  
 Vitam Embryò dat, Mortem Abortivam Sibi.  
 At non Angui-dei, non vicerat Orpheos Artes,  
 Nè Musicus, Medicusq; foret Anastates.  
 Macti estote Proci, Lethum expiat omnia; Fallor?  
 An conditâ Parente, jam Virgo redit ?  
 Gastabat Gabali Loton, Lethenq; bibeat  
 Obliviosa hæc : undiq; sit Aquivista.  
 Deniq; quis neget innocuam, stipulante Foretro;  
 Nex ipsa quam fateor indignam Nece ?  
 Quam furis rabies, Medicinaq; perdere nescit,  
 Salvamq; dat Militia, Parcarum Trias?  
 Si dubitatis adhuc, Morienti credite : saltem  
 Surgenti ab Umbris Fidet ipsa Infidia.

H. B. Coll. Om. Anim.

On the Shee that was Hang'd, but not Executed.

**R** Are Innocence ! a Wench re-woman'd ! see  
 What the small Sophs say to this Fallacy.  
 Up to the eares in death, and scape ! no kind  
 Was thought more fit then to iye up her Wind.  
 Women in this with Cats agree, I think,  
 Both Live and Scratch after they have tip't the Wink.  
 Henceforth take heed of trusting Females. Shee  
 That scapes Welch Partly, Souldiers take for mee.

*Hic Jacet — Quæ cum Morte non potuit obscurari, claruit,  
 Vindicatâ nimirum Innocentiâ,  
 Fato Functâ nectamen Desunctâ.  
 Converso in Asylum Patibulo*

*Tunc, cum non minus de Puellâ conclamatum esset, quàm Iustitiâ:  
 Iustitiâ, quam si non Cæcâ, certè vix mitem dixeris;  
 Quæ cum in aliis Ventrem inquireret, Ipsa non habuit Viscera.*

*Hec verò revixit, vel ad Illius ludibrium,*

*Vel (quod melius est) exemplum.*

*Adiit Charontem pro formâ (puto) nec tamen Abiit,  
 Sed inhibuit Gradum. Uno oculo fleuit, subrisit altero;*

*Mirum, si hoc non sit δακρυζαλῶν.*

*Nec Vitam solam Medicorum artibus obtinuit,*

*Sed Vatis etiam beneficio Immortalitatem.*

*Non est quòd in Faminâ plus desideres, nisi forsan velis Constantiâ*

*\*ΗΥΠΟΘΕΣΑΙ H.B. Soc. N.C.*

On one dead by Law, but reviv'd by Physick,

**C** Ome Sophister, distinguish, you that call  
 Restor'd Privation Supernaturall.  
 To solve your Ignorance, come view in one  
 An Ante-dated Resurrection.

Some rigid ones perhaps this act will spell  
 With the strange letters of a Miracle:  
 But know, Physitians have a larger Call,  
 Apollo and Physick are collaterall.  
 Think not Physitians Atheists, since they doe  
 Professe Divinity, and Practic't too.

J. Hutton Fell. of New Coll.

In Fœminam post Patibuli cruciatus reviviscentem.

**L** Vgete Cives lugubre lugubres;  
Ridete Cives ludicra ludicri:  
Lugete defunctam puellam;  
Plandite, nunc rediviva prodit.

Jam non stupendum sentiat Orphea  
Mendax vetustas: Eurydicen neq;  
Miretur ex imo barathro  
Threicio revocasse plectro.

Qua penè sedes viderat inferas,  
Et nigra seva regna Proserpina,  
En! fata deludens cruenta,  
Rursus adest, tumultumq; fugit.

Flevere Manes, quæis comes altera  
Evasit, ipsum destituens suo  
Naulo Charontem, dum catervâ  
Cymba gemit levior minori.

Hæc damna mærens, ora latrantia  
Compressit Orci Ianitor: & suum  
Loqui dolorem nescientes  
Tartarea siluere lymphe.

Mors, cui potentum spicula Caesarum  
Ducumq; figunt colla minacium,  
Quâ fronte posthac tela promes  
Fœmineo modo lusa sexu?

Ad Medicos, diffecandum corpus vitæ restituentes.

Efficitis sanum corpus, lacerare parati:  
Et mox sit mulier quod modo funus erat.  
Per vos posse mori viventes ante sciebam:  
Jam per vos casus vivere posse scio.

Geo. Lee, Coll. Reg. Commenfalis,

*A ceux de la Messe.*

**C**'à Catholique, que dis-tu maintenant ?  
 Les miracles se font-ils pas ? pendant  
 Qu'entre nous l'avengle gagne la veüe,  
 Le boiteux marche, le mort se voit en rüe.  
 Voy-cy la fille qui tantost estoit morte,  
 Elle vit à cett' heure, & tref-gaillarde se porte.

Jos. Williamfon, du Coll. de la Reyne.

*The Womans Case put to the Lawyers.*

**M**Other, or Maid, I pray you whether?  
 One, or both, or am I neither?  
 The Mother dyed: may't not be said  
 That the Survivor is a Maid ?  
 Here, take your Fee, declare your sence ;  
 And free me from this New Suspense.

Joh. Watkins, Esq. Aur. fil. Coll. Reg.

**N**ondum cessarunt Miracula, dogma profanum  
 Mentiri Ancilla Vita Novata docet.  
 Estne fides ? non triste Forum, non tristior Illo  
 Index, Voxq. Ipso tristior ---estne fides ?  
 Non Crux, non Restis; non Ungula Militis, & quam  
 Non ferat Alcides pectore crebra manus,  
 Cuncta hac particulam Vita non cedere cogunt,  
 Sed valet extremum Virgoloquuta Vale.  
 Sic nescit, nisi viva, Sepulchrum impura Sacerdos  
 Vestali caluit cui modo dextra foco.  
 Exili Lachesis non semper Stamine gaudet,  
 Et Funes novit Parca Benigna suos.  
 Hac si non Ratio est Restim eluisse Puellam;  
 Qua causa est? merito credo fuisse Levem.

Thou



**T**Hou shalt not Swing againe: come cleare thy brow,  
 Thou hast the Benefit o'th' *Clergie* now;  
 Nor is thy *Neck-Verse* writt in Blood, which might  
 Confound thy Thoughts, as it must needs thy Sight.  
 Thus when *Apollo* keeps th' *Affises*, then  
 Women are sav'd by *Booke*, as well as Men.  
 Strange Wench! what character may fit the, best,  
 That still canst live, though Thou art *Hang'd* and *Prest*?  
*Rob. Mathew*, Fellow of New Coll.

To the *Physitians*.

**T**O raise a Pyramide unto your skill  
 Were to mistrust experience, and still  
 Think Death a Gyant, whose vast gripe could span  
 And squeez to nought both memory and man.  
 Yee are not mortall, nor need feare to dye:  
 To conquer Death is Immortality.  
 Yee have done that. Marble may serve to hide  
 It's owne dust now, or tell who *should* have dy'd:  
 There is no other use for't. And thou Death  
 Vaunt not henceforth 'tis with Thy leave we breath.  
 Th'art vanquish't quite, and this thy Mulk shall be,  
 To write *Probatum* to their victory.

*Ad Puellam Redivivam.*

**Q**Uae modo spes tumuli fueras tristisq; feretri,  
 Posthuma jam vita nasceris ipsa tuae.  
 Ecce stupet casum Mors admirata, rogatq;  
 Decepit nostras quale Sophisma manus?  
 Nil potuit namq; illa magis te quando peremit:  
 Cum tu non moreris nil minus illa potest.

*Guil. Fitz-Gerald. ex Æd. Ch.*

In Puellam suspensam, & dein à Medicis Anatomiam  
 Cadaveris aggressuris, in vitam revocatam.

**D**Um Mors & Medici conspirant fœdere certo  
 Amborum ut telis una puella cadat,

*Funis ut succedat Ferrum, & suspensa secetur;  
 Eni Ferrum & Funis, binæ venena, juvant.  
 Unâ mulctatam, geminâ dum morte parabant  
 Afficere, in vitam fit rediviva novam.  
 Natura in leges, ac Gentis iura, triumphans  
 Elusit Fatî, Iudicis atq; minas.  
 Nec Medici hoc, Sceleton faciunt, ex angue cadaver.  
 Quod magis est, vivum cedit in Automaton.*

*Guil. Willis, Ed. Chr. Comm.*

**A**dmi're not, 'tis no newes, nere think it strange,  
 Twere wonder if a Woman should not change:  
 They have mysterious wayes, and their designs  
 Must be read backward still, like Hebrew lines.  
 See, these with Death dissemble, and can cheat  
 Charon himselfe to mak a faire retreat.  
 Well, for this trick Ile never so be led  
 As to beleive a Woman, though shee's dead.

*Rob. Sharrock, Fellow of New Coll.*

In puellam *ὅσας ποτὺν ἀ πατὶβulo reviviscen-tem.*  
**Q**uæ nuper Medicos vespillonesq; fefellit,  
 Et non unius victima mortis erat,  
 Quam bene Netricis titulum meruisse putanda est,  
 Cum poterat stamen sic renovare suum?

Englised thus:

**T**hou more then Mortall, that with many lives  
 Hast mock't the Sexton, and the Doctors knives:  
 The name of Spinster thou maist justly wed,  
 Since there's no Halter stronger then thy Thread.

To the same.

**T**hou, thine owne *Closo*, that knew'st not to feele  
 The darts of Death, yet woar'st no Buffe, nor Steele:  
 If with such Art thou canst thy Distaffe rule,  
 The Souldiers all to thee shall go to Schoole.

*Dan. Danvers, Coll. Trin. Alum.*

On the Death and Life of *Anne Greene*.

**W**Hat Cable-thread twin'd thee thy happy fate,  
That it out-lasts thy own lifes destin'd date?  
Was thy Harmonious Soule strung so-so well,  
As break it could nor, stretcht to a Miracle?  
Did'st thou indent with Rigid *Atropos*  
To los't a while, and then to quit the Losse?  
As cast-off Habits, when hang'd by a space,  
Regaine their Fashion and their pristine grace.

Loe here's lifes *Gemini*, two lifes in one!  
Or th' fame in'ts Tropical Reverſion!  
Time after *Stylo novo* inchoated!  
From the first Sun a Pearly created!  
A strange Appendix after *Finis* fixt,  
Or *Funis* rather: Death and Life co-mixt!  
A Posthume Act after Catastrophe!  
Or Antedating of the Latter day!

Death's Puzler! Selfe-surviver! thy strange fate  
Do's contradictions Legimate.  
Entwisted Miracles constellate here,  
And complicated Wonders Co-insphere.  
Thy uncouth Paradox Resuscitation  
Tempts to beleieve, that from a pure Privation  
Nature's propension signe's a free Regresse  
To pristine Habit; tempts even to confesse  
Plurality of Soules in One, since Thou  
Can'st prodigally one to Death allow,  
Another keep thy selfe; whilst both maintaine  
*Castor* and *Pollux*-like alternate Reigne.

That Belgian Headſman, whose rare artfull hand  
Could slice off heads, and they yet seem to stand,  
Had he thee Execut'd, had sham'd his skill,  
When finding thee not dead, but living still.  
*Perillus*'s Torturing Engin had but bin  
A Very Bull, had'st thou first entred in.  
Their Law would have some plea, were it to thee,  
Who first the Malefactor Hang, then see

Whe're 'twere a just and equitable Cause,  
 Whether not consonant unto the Lawes.  
 Strange *Sophister* ! that grant'st to Destiny  
 The Premises, Conclusion do'st deny ;  
 Dar'st yeeld to Suffer Death, but not to Dye.

*Jch. Aylmer, Schol. of New Coll.*

SO sportive, *Atropos* ? what, must we see  
 Some *Hocus-tricks* ? the thread of life to be  
 Asunder cut, and yet entire remaine ?  
 A Body-banish'd soule recall'd againe ?  
 Now may the nine-liv'd Sex speake high, and say  
 That here they fought with Death, and won the day ;  
 The fatal Tree, which first began the strife,  
 Sided with them, and prov'd a Tree of life.

*Another.*

Death, spare your threats, we scorne now to obey ;  
 If Women conquer thee, surely Men may.  
 How came this Champion on I cannot tell,  
 But I nere heard of one came off so well.

*Pet. Killigrew, Eq. Aur. fil. Coll. Reg.*

*P* Roh *Metamorphosis natura dissona ! fatum*  
*Imbelle ! evicta gloria cassa necis !*  
*Huccine, naturam, progressa peritia, solvit ?*  
*Siccine fatorum machina fracta cadit ?*  
*Euge decus medicum ! sacrum inviolabile ! novi*  
*Sacratum hinc docto numen inesse Choro.*  
*Ibimus: ire juvat; sic juvat ire per umbras:*  
*Si vixisse, mori est; ibimus: ire juvat.*  
*Eia age Terrorum domitrix Terroris, abunde*  
*Provida; cùm properes, ne moriari, mori.*

*Guil. Miles, Nov. Coll.*

Hippolytus was dead, and (as the straine  
 Of Poets tel's) was made a Man againe.  
 Poetick Figments are turn'd Truths, for we  
 Have seen a Dead Maide's Palingenesie.

He twice a Man; She twice a Maid: 'Tis brave;  
 She had one Life to Loose, and one Save.  
 Or else it was our *Logick* Dy'd, not she:  
 For from Privation a Regresse we see.  
 Let's non admire then *Bacon's Brazen Head*,  
 When we see one that speaks, and yet was Dead.  
 You that so much for new Inventions give,  
 Observe a way, found out, by Death to Live.  
*Catts* have for every Muse a life: but Shee  
 For every Grace; For by this Historie  
 The Author doth a Third Life to her Give,  
 And makes her Innocence and Fame to Live.  
 Her Life is writt here to the life: she fell  
 At a cheap rate, when 'tis describ'd so well.  
 For, th'Author's Pen's so good, that one would Die  
 To be Reviv'd by such a History.

*Rich. Glyd, Fell, of New Coll.*

**T**HAT Life's a Vapour I'll no more complaine:  
 As this, so that, takes leave to come againe.  
 Strange metamorphosis I this *dead-live* Woman  
 Now differs from her selfe; and are such *Common?*  
*Geo. Davenant, Comof Qu. Coll.*

**T**Ernas sicne Deas, & tales decipis una?  
 Et vel Carnificem famina spreta tuum?  
*Illius eludas artes elapsa; sed audi,*  
*Vitricem dici te semel, esto satis.*  
*H. Davenant, Com. Coll. Reg.*

**F**OR certaine, she was dead I yet then  
 The reason how she lives agen,  
 Is that which so much puzzles men.  
 Sure when her soule this clay forsook,  
 To'wards Pluto's court her way she took,  
 And came unto th'infernall brook.

It dranke so deep of *Lethe* there,  
 She had forgotten whatsoere  
 Sh'had suffer'd in her life time here:

Arraign'd by *Minos*, straight denie'd  
 That she before a Judge was trie'd,  
 Or sentenc'd on the Gallowes died.

No other way was left to win  
 Her to confesse her shame and sin  
 But send her back to learn't agen.

Entring her body straight, 'twas growne  
 So rack't and torne, that 'twas not known,  
 Nor yet beleev'd to be her own.

This neck was Halter-gall'd, nay more,  
 These sides and brest with strokes were sore,  
 And Hers were nothing soe before.

Her leggs ( shee's sure ) had shackles on,  
 And wonder's finding These have none;  
 Her selfe and they were lost and gone.

Thus what she suffer'd last, was now  
 The lesson she first learn'd to know,  
 Elle no account can passe below.

If she learn't well, and not constraine  
 Her selfe to act it o're againe,  
 She may passe safe through *Pluto's* reigne.

*John Dwight, Ch. Ch.*

(doome

**A** Re Fates growne kind? have they thus chang'd their  
 From Murtherers to supply the Midwives roome?  
 Or were they not o'repowr'd, since Life had spun  
 Two strings unto her bow, and Death but One?

*Tho. Ireland, Ch. Ch.*

*To the Hangman.*

**C**ome *Flesh-Crow*, tell me, what's the cause that you  
 Rigour to men, to Women Favour show?  
 Your Office you have not perform'd, 'tis plaine:  
 See, here's the Wench you hang'd, alive againe.

Yet,

Yet, for this once, I'll cleare you ; it was not  
Your slack rope say'd her, nor your fast-loose knot.  
Her fatall halter shee (to end the strife)  
Untwisted spun into a thread of life.

*Ed Norreys Eq. Aur. fil. Coll. Reg.*

**E**urydice sileat jam fama à morte reductam,  
Hippolytum taceant secla priora suum :  
Mercurii nuper quam compulit aurea virga  
Manibus, a nigro jam revocata grege est.  
Arte viri domite Parca stupuere superba,  
Et queritur Lachesis flamine lassa novo.  
Regni claustra mi vidit Proserpina rupta,  
Et succum atq; herbas hoc potuisse gemis.  
Porthmea pœnituit plenâ remeare carinâ,  
Utq; dolos sensit, mox stupefactus, ait:  
Quæ prius aufugiens in ventum vita recessit,  
Tutior in medicas jam venit illa manus :  
Hæ revocant animas per Tartara nigra vagantes,  
Corporeisq; iterum nexibus arte ligant.  
Quæ jacuit tœnbris obducta, & lampade vite  
Exinctâ, accensâ jam face clara micat.  
Nunc cum sole licet cadere, & cum sole redire,  
Et, si vult medicus, nec moriendo mori.

*Edwin. Skrymsber Armig. fil. Nat. Mus. Coll. Trin.*

**W**onder of highest Art! He that will reach  
A Streine for thee, had need his Muse should stretch,  
Till flying to the Shades, she learne what Veine  
Of Orpheus call'd Eurydice againe;  
Or learne of her Apollo, till she can  
As well, as Singer, prove Physitian:  
And then she may without Suspension sing,  
And, authorized, harp upon thy String.  
Discordant string! for sure thy soule (unkinde  
To its own Bowels Issue) could not finde  
One Breast in Consort to its jarring stroake  
'Mongst piteous Femall Organs, therefore broke  
Translations due Law, from fate reprieu'd,

D

And



And struck a Unison to her selfe, and liv'd.

Was't this? or was it, that the Goatish Flow  
Of thy Adulterous veines (from thence let goe  
By second *Æsculapius* his hand)

Dissoolv'd the Parca's *Adamantine* Band,  
And made Thee Artift's Glory, Shame of Fate,  
Triumph of Nature, *Virbius* his Mate.

*Christ. Wren, Gent. Com. Wad. Coll.*

**H**Ang up the Gallow-Tree, since 'twould not doo't;  
The Maid was hang'd for her Abortive fruit:  
--- Yet doe not: for though weak, perhaps next yeare  
It may, like Her, get strength againe, and Beare.

*Another.*

If Life be but a Tennis-play, Thou then  
Com'st from the *Hazzard* to be Toss'd agen.  
Here only was the difference, in Thine  
The Game was sav'd by playing *under Line*.

*Car. Forster, Esq. Aur. fil. Coll. Trin.*

*To the happy Instruments of the Executed*

*Maid's Recovery.*

**O**XFORD (the Arts Metropolis), ne're knew  
A rarer feat then was perform'd by you,  
Brave *Æsculapian* friends! whose Art could give  
After the Execution a Reprieve.  
And yet 'twas Timely too: for though grim, Death  
Had seiz'd the passage of her Vitall breath,  
Yet you a new one made: And the same Veine  
That let out blood, receiv'd in Life againe.  
The Soule, which is in every part entire,  
Can, undiscern'd by you, to home retire:  
Since you no lesse the tracke of soules doe know,  
Than that of Eiverets in new-fallen Snow.  
Others can by their Chymistry reduce  
A Plant or flower from its dust or juyce;  
But your sublimer Art hath done much more,  
Whilst humane soules you from their Urnes restore.

Yet

Yet though your skill and pity could dispence  
 More daies to her beguiled Innocence,  
 No Art removes a ruin'd Virgins shame,  
 Unlesse revived she, be not the same.

Thus 'tis more easy to recall the Dead  
 Then to restore a once-lost Maidenhead.

*Kingsmill, Lucy Genl. Com. of Ch. Ch.*

**T**Hou Pill too strong for fate! in whose defence  
 Miracles stept in to rescue innocence.

Death was thy Ordeall, and Compurgatrix,  
 And Minos did thy Judges doome refix.

Thou did'st bring forth in riddles: so, *Surviv'st*  
 By giving breath thou Kil'd'st, by dying liv'st.  
 Thy rude Spawn's fleeting soule did sure retire  
 To thee the *Damme*, as a reserve entire,  
 Giving thee second life, when thine was done;  
 Thou wert thine owne Superfecundation.

Strange fruit o'th' cursed and the barren Tree,  
 That mad'st the Hangman practice Midwifery,  
 Nature new hatch'd thee, as first Men, who tooke  
 Birth from harsh Entrails of a Vitall Oak.

One of the Daughters of *Deucalion*,  
 Thou wakest from thy *Tomb*, as they from stone.

*Fr. Withins, Gen. Com. of S. Johns.*

*The Maids Game.*

**A**Lone this subtle Gamestresse on a day  
 Went to Deaths house, at *Tick-Tack* for to play.  
 To knowe if he was't home, or gone from thence,  
 His Porter, th' Hangman held her in *Suspence*.  
 At length he met her, plaid, and soone did spy  
 The Maid had left a *Blot* upon a *Dye*.  
 Death threw, and thought h' had wonn, but she said nay,  
*Doctors* like *Doublemen* stood in the way.  
 After she cast, obtain'd a *Double Game*,  
 By putting int' one *Point* both death and shame.

*W. Berkley Com. of Br. Coll.*

**H**AD I been tongue-ti'd, nor as yet had said  
 An Infant word, but kept my mouth a Maid,  
 This would have cut those Ropes, this to rehearse  
 Had Midwife prov'd to an *Abortive* verse,  
 Despightfull *Embryo* in secret plac't  
 By Her, by thee Shee's publicly disgrac't.  
 Such blowes o'th' brest the standers-by her lend  
 As those that force tyr'd Iades to 'th' journeyes end:  
 Had but a modest soule that under gone  
 T'would soon for shame have quitte its Mansion,  
 Yet shee's not dead, nor is her glasse quite runne,  
 Although her Thread be cutte her life's not spunne.  
 Shee lives and hath recal'd her wonted strength,  
 Nor is her life made short by her neckes Length.  
 I'lè prophecy, Shee'l Lovers soone insnare  
 Without a Trope ther's Halters in her hayre.  
 Of the same cause here the effects doe fight,  
 One thing both hang'd and sav'd her, shee was *Lighr*.

Walter Pope è Coll. Wadh.

**D**um sacer Eurydicen Orpheus deducit ab orco,  
*Flectit ad infernum lumina retrò Lacum:*  
*Sic Correpta statim, nigras revocatur in umbras.*  
*Rupta nec est Fidibus restituenda Fides.*  
*Tutus effugium sua fata dedere puella:*  
*Quin & Apollineâ fit rediviva manu.*  
*Sic valet ulterius Medicus quam Musicus; Ille*  
*Imperat Infernis, Supplicat iste Diis.*

Strange *Metamorphosis* Ovid never wott  
 A maid chang'd from, yet to her selfe is brought:  
 He *Pythagorall* migrations' chants,  
 How humane soules *inoculate* with plants.  
 When Hers loath to divorce her ancient Mate  
 (*Scepticke in Love*) resumes her former state,  
 And as halfe choak't in double prison walls  
 One of her Body, th'-other of the Gaole,  
 Shee takes a gentle flight in freer Air,

And straight returneth home more *debonnaire*.  
*New birth's* noe *Probleme* now: for we have seen  
 A *senslesse Corps*, quickned with Life has beene.  
 And that not by a *Miracle*, but Art  
 With *broken minded Nature*, playing part.  
 The great enchanting Orpheus who could bring  
 From Hell Eurydice by a *fidle string*;  
 Yet Let her slip againe: And breaking's Trust  
 His *Magicke-musicke Nerve*, in sunder burst.  
 Apollo scornes to make such *Emp'ricke Cures*:  
 Here's one now dead *alive*, *alive* endures.  
 Her *fatall shread* was Cut: Yet Plutoes bands  
 Could her not ravish from his sacred hands.  
 Yea though a knife had Cut the *Sisters Twine*,  
 His *Plantan Lease* would that together joine,  
 See Orpheus, See, thy *wonder-working Lyre*,  
 Holds noe Comparison with thy Heavenly Sire.

*W. Hatley, of Saint Johns Coll.*

*Q*Uam penè abstulerat glomerato flamine, vitam  
 Tibi reddie Eumenidum manus:  
 Dum petit erranti cultro tua fila salutis,  
 Scindit Capistros Asopos.

*T*Ergeminus dire dormiscit Janitor Aula,  
 Et Furia infernam deseruere Domum:  
 Quasq; creat, sentit mars jam quasi mortua penas:  
 Virbiag; è propriis pullulat Exequiis:  
 Fabula nascentem Materno funere Bacchum  
 Ne jactet, virgo hec funere nata suo est.

*Guil. George, Ad Christi Alumnus.*

*S*EATCH for a pleasant now delight,  
 To celebrate her births day's right.  
 It is a birth when after Death  
 The body gaines his former breath.  
 O! who'le pay him that dig'd the pitte?  
 The hungry grave hath lost a bitte,

And yet still gapes, alas ! I feare  
 Death it selfe will be buryed there.  
 Shee's sicke, and melts in her owne wo,  
 The female Sex should cheat her so.  
 ( That she could not decieve the same,  
 In whom the first deceit found game.)  
 Either Physick conquers Death,  
 Or Physitians coine new breath;  
 Or *Atropos* hath lost her knife:  
 This was a hanging to the Life.  
 O! Wench reforme in thy new age,  
 Write Vertue in this second page:  
 The first shewes Characters of Vice,  
 O! live well once, who livest twice.

*Theodore Wynne Fell. Com. Jes. Coll.*

**H**ere lies—'t must not be so. Here Goes a Shee  
 That lost her life to lifes recovery.  
 Here Goes She, whose last Snuffe of vitall breath  
 Was blowne Out and In, by one blast of Death.  
 Whilst thus her Innocence Fate justifies,  
 Wee'l write on her Accuser, Here He Lies.

*Car. Capell, Armig. Coll. Winton.*

**I**ugglers we have seene cut a Thread, whole: Thy Line  
 Of life was so: just such a Trick was Thine.  
*Hocus Pocus*, fast and loose, dead and gone,  
 Here agen: Women have more tricks than one.

*Hen. Capell Armig. Coll. Winton.*

**T**Hou Sophister of Fate, that canst deny  
 A faire dispute by an *Amphiboly*;  
 Reade Hebrew-wise thy Neck-verse, make to be  
 In thine own doom an *Infra-pollency*:  
 Insert st no Negative, and yet canst state  
 An affirm'd sentence Illegitimate.  
 Sure *Minor* Jury was for these too *Grand*,  
 That did thy Doom re-eccho, did withstand  
 Thy Epilogue, and make it for to be

But

But a new Prologue to Virginitie.  
 Thy Mate shall be no *Protem*, yet in thee,  
 Although but one, will be Polygamy.  
 Thou canst intombe a Wife-hood, and yet rise  
 A Virgin out of th'ashes, Phoenix-wise.  
 Cease would the Romans th'wonder to extoll  
 Of th' Head found fresh; Thine had been *Capitoll*.  
*Caligula* his bloody wish would check  
 To cut off *Rome*, had thine but been the neck.

*A. Spence of St. Joh. Coll.*

**W**Hat hath the Law its power lost  
 Since th' English tongue hath it engroft?  
 Or did old *Juno* owe a spight  
 To Fate, and it for to requite  
 Sit cross-leg'd charming Her alive,  
 And hence Death prove so *Abortive*?  
 Sure *Venus* was in th' Horoscope,  
 When She was struggling with the Rope:  
 And kept out Death from entering in,  
 To shew that *Cupid* cannot sin.  
 If so? then might She well escape,  
 Love suffers not a second rape.

Strange Beast! what all her Riders fling?  
 Could not Death rule Her in a string?

*Sam. Christopher of S. Joh. Coll.*

**I**ustice would cut, but Fate unedg'd the knife,  
 Unravel'd the vex'd thread, and rep'reiv'd life,  
 Bad the astonish'd Sisters spin more years,  
 New-cloath their Distaffe, and lay by their Shears.  
 Wonders long since were in their Sepulcher,  
 Yet did One miracle revive with Her.

*Joh. Hall, Eq. Aur. fil. Coll. Reg.*

**S**he liv'd, and in the Cord made Fate despair,  
 Safe, as Sea-Surgeons in their Cable are,  
 Whose scruples pallie-Juries weigh amisse,  
 The Gallowes her exacter Balance is.

Yet,

Yet, that loose Flames some penalty might meet,  
 She thus did penance in her winding-sheet.  
 May this not-still-born Gibbet-issue thrive !  
 The first the knife ere Midwif'd there alive.

*Will. Bell.*

Death's Metamorphos'd and hath chang'd his name,  
 And nature too ; then Death with Life's the same.  
 This *Wench* as free of Soule as *Body* try'd  
 More then by living, to spight Death, and di'd.  
 Thus *Hells Purveigher* over-charg'd growes dull,  
 Or (which is all as strange) he's mercifull.  
 Or rather Justice with it selfe at strife  
 Judg'd the *Wench* worthy both of death and life.  
 The crime was hainous, but ( if you know all )  
 T'was not soe *High* as to be *Capitall*.

*T. Arthur, Comm. Ch. Ch.*

I'll stretch my *Muse*, but that a verse  
 I'll hang upon thy living *hearse*.  
 Chime in yee witts, and rhyme a Knell,  
 For *Death* herselfe is lately fell.  
 Never was yet this *meagre fiend*,  
 Soe baffled by the woman kind.  
*Nan* playes a prize with death, shee mounts  
 The stage, and there brave soule recounts  
 Her former pranks, and then Comes on  
 The *Fury* with her *hempen thong*;  
 As boldly she *enters the list*,  
 And though by one unhappy *twist*,  
 Her *thread of life* did snap in twaine,  
 Yet by this foile she lives againe.  
 And doth defie the *fatall Spinster*,  
 And all the brood of *Pluto's Minster*.  
 Have you not known how variously  
 A *vapour* betwixt Earth and *Skye*  
 Doth dance, till by contrary flame  
 It's frighted to its forme againe?

Thus,



Thus *Meteor-like*, shee hung betweene;  
 (Was't not a wonder to be scene)  
 But th' *burning-feaver* of the rope,  
 Which puts all others out of hope,  
 Restores her to her to selfe; shee is  
 Alive by *Antiperistasis*.  
 But soft! *Physitians* doe not thinke,  
 I at your commendations winke.  
 'Tis you against the *Fatall Vote*  
 Gave this first heard of *Antidote*.  
 Had sage *Hippocrates* this scene,  
 His leading *Theme* had alter'd beene;  
 For such the wonder is, that you  
 Have made *Art long, and Life so too*.  
 Who will not rather henceforth cry  
 Pray let me be *Anatomy*?  
 What foole will feare an after-slaughter,  
 Since you have raised up this *Daughter*?  
*Clergy* looke to it, for since shee  
 Was rob'd the *benefit* of thee,  
*Physitians* straight did part the strife  
 And writte her in the *booke of life*.  
 In *India* say Authors good,  
 A tree doth beare cloath, drinke and foode.  
 A wonder sure! but is't not much  
 The *Gallow-tree* should bring forth such?  
 Startle not reader in beleife,  
 'Tis made not only *Tree of life*;  
 But by *Physitians* *Chymick* paines  
 Unto her both *Repute, and Gaines*.  
 Soe that hereafter it will be  
 Thus to be hang'd, good hufwifrie.

*Ant. Wood, Schol. of Mert. Coll.*

*On Anne Green her execution.*

Sure Death abhorres the colour, all have seene  
 That Death is blacke, and therefore loves no *Greene*;  
 A happy colour, in what Pradicament  
 Will the Logicians put this Accident?  
 Shee had her Neck-verse; 'tis a currant signe  
 Shee could not read, her verse was but a Line;  
 Againe, upon this deed to set a crowne;  
 Sh'ad been cut-up, if not so soon cut downe.  
 Read this thou youthfull, *Read*, and be afraid,  
 Shee's a maid twice, and yet is not *dis-maid*.  
 O Paradoxe! if truth in thee can lye,  
 No wonder if the maid could live and dye:

*Job. Mainard, of Magd. Coll.*

A Re fates dread engines, and his Armory  
 (Muskets and Ropes) but *Masque* and Mummery?  
 Sure Cupid (changing armes once more with death),  
 Turnd hangman to preserve his Martyrs breath.  
 Nights Queene (who once her selfe did suffer rape)  
 Pitty'd her Paralell, and let her scape.

Thou Paradox of fate, whom ropes reprieve,  
 To whom the hangman proves a gentle Shrieve,  
 Death's after birth: Thou by thy Posthume fate,  
 And penitence truly art regenerate.  
 Sterne Bassaw's by the bowstrings slender twine  
 Want vent for mighty soules: Thy feminine,  
 Wrastles with death in a more firme embrace  
 Of Sinewy cords, yet never quits the place.

*Rich. Garrard Gent. Com: of S. Job. Coll.*

